



SENIOR NUMBER



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"IT AIN'T AS EASY AS IT LISTENS"

ROYAL B. FARNUM.

It is a most interesting situation to have studied four years in an art school and then, having gained certain experiences away from the Alma Mater, even away from your home and state, to come back to the same Old School as its official head. That, as you all know, is my privilege.

When I was a student in the school there were many things that I would have changed. Naturally on pleasant warm days I would have closed the school entirely. I would have either released immediately, some instructors or I would have made it possible for any of us to change about at will, for some days we would be more tired of the instructor than on others; I would have eliminated all examinations as unfair, especially when I had been up late the night before, and I would have abolished all rules and regulations that interfered with my comfort; I would have opened school at 10 A. M. and closed it at 12; and finally, to mention only the more obvious changes, I would have had the state provide each student with a canoe on the Charles River and all courses would devote most of their time to outdoor sketching.

But as the Principal I find to my intense surprise that it is not as easy to bring about those highly progressive ideas as it appeared when I was in the class of 1906. Strange as it may seem I

find a lot of stumbling blocks in the way. It is very queer, of course, but somehow it seems to be expected both here and abroad that a school shall run on pleasant warm days just as it would when it rains. There again instructors are really quite human underneath, I have found, and it wouldn't do to drop those that the student is offended with or who appear to him unsatisfactory. I have discovered that if this were done probably all the instructors and the Principal himself would have to leave in a body, that is if every student's desire were consulted. On the examination question I find quite a difference of opinion, due wholly to the nature of the work involved. I hadn't realized before but, really, if an instructor lectures on a subject how is he to know what you have gotten unless you are asked to give some of it back; and if you have been painting under criticism why can't you try it once each quarter without it? On this point I've made a real discovery. That is if you don't call it an examination, it isn't one, but what after all, is in a name?

On those rules and regulations, now, it is really funny. Bill's train gets in at 8:39 and Molly has two choices—one at 8:45, the other at 9:10. Now on the question of opening classes. Bill says, "Sure, 9 is all right but 8:45 is better," while Molly argues that modern esthetic

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OUR FAMOUS B. P. L.

You will, perhaps, criticize that title as being too flippant. I hope that you will, for then I shall, at least, have your attention, and it is your attention that I want! Should I whisper that this article is to be on the Taj-Mahal, every ear would be turned my way, but the very shouting of Boston Public Library would echo away as unnoticed as the singing of "Home Sweet Home." To us there is something quite homelike about our Library, if time spent therein means anything. No longer, I am afraid, do we feel in it the appeal of the new or strange,—unless it be the new in numerous visits and the strangeness of seeing a boy *actually* approach with a desired book. (The hours I spend waiting for books, dear heart, are like a string of pearls, I count them o'er and o'er again—grudgingly.)

The Library is one of the most notable architectural monuments in America. There *must* be *some* mysterious beauty or wonder in this proud neighbor of ours with which even *you* are not acquainted. If we do not appreciate it to the full now, we will regret it when Cousin Showme from Missouri comes to see the sights.

You would scorn a Bostonian who was not familiar with the paintings of Chevannes and Abbey, yet, do you know the meanings or the designer of the allegorical figures on those entrance doors which you touch daily? In case you do not, let me tell you; they symbolize (from left to right) Music, Poetry, Knowledge, Wisdom, Truth, and Romance, and are designed by Daniel Chester French. Music and Poetry are represented and not Art? Ah, but Art has a more prominent place in the heroic bronze seated figure in front, which, with Science, was created by Bela L. Pratt.

How often you have rushed in, intent upon reaching the third floor. Can you resist the elevator? It will lift you up there quickly, I know, but it has not nearly the mental uplift of mounting that grand stairway,—the most beautiful stairway in the United States. Yes, it is! In passing, you may brush against those guardian lions of Louis St. Gaudens,—the brother of Augustus, who carved the seal of state and city over the entrance doors.

In Siena there is a marble quarry owned by monks and from which marble is sold for the support of their monastery. At the time the Library was built, Boston had an enormous amount of money. (Would you believe it?) Because this marble is deemed of such marvellous beauty, enough was sent from Siena for the great main stairway.

Do you think it would have been more appropriate to have had the hall decorated by James McNeil Whistler, since he was Massachusetts born and was living at that time? That is what the committee in charge thought for Mr. Whistler was the first one asked to do this important job. But he was then a sick man and unable to come so they sent for Puvis de Chevannes.

Puvis de Chevannes was so old that he feared he might die on the voyage over here so,—he never came! "But,—but his murals—" Wait a minute! Since we have studied art, we have been taught the wonderful fitness of those decorations to the space allotted them. Their color is in most exquisite harmony with the golden shades of the marble surroundings, and the light from the great windows strikes them with just the right effect; yet Chevannes never entered that hall. Some credit, it seems to me, is due the assistant who came to America, measured and sketched and laid plans, returning to France to have a studio built for his master,—an exact reproduction of that space in the Library which he was to decorate, so that he might work under even the same lighting conditions.

This article is a confession. I am so chagrined because of the things I had not noted before that I sign this anonymously! No, I did not know, among other things, that in the spandrels of the window arches are carved the marks of thirty-three famous printers—or that in the window of the Sir Galahad Room stands an ancient railing from the Guildhall of another Boston—a city in England, before which some of the Pilgrim Fathers stood for trial.

The Boston Public Library is the oldest free library maintained by taxation in any *city in the world*. Yet, it is not so very old—exactly thirty years.



EDITORIAL



NO MORE VAIN REGRETS

Do you remember:—

As Sophomores we regretted we had not done better during the Freshman year?

As Juniors we regretted we had not allowed more time for our Certificates?

Now as Seniors we regret we did not devote ourselves more assiduously to Life class?

Did this regretting the past change our methods any? Did we do better in consequence of these doleful hours devoted to regretting?

No! many times, No!

Let us now get a real lesson into our minds and hearts. Let us realize that the time spent in regretting the past is absolutely wasted. Let us rather "gird up our loins" take a deep breath, (several breaths if necessary) and then go

on from where we are, with the firm resolve never again to waste our precious energy in vain regrets that gain us nothing; but with a resolve equally firm to go on from where we stand and make the best of what we have acquired at M. N. A. S.; and further resolve not to return next year with the old familiar plaint "I wish I had taken more time for this or that subject."

Seniors, go out into the world resolved to win, and you will win. The Good Book says "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Your resolve to succeed will help to bring success.

Vain regrets concerning the past are almost sure to bring failure. Remember the homely but characteristic motto of Elbert Hubbard, "Don't bellyache."

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

(Quoted from Uncle Dudley of the Globe)

Like James McNeill Whistler, Edwin Abbey, and Henry James, John Sargent was a distinguished European of American parentage. He was born in Florence, schooled in Italy and Germany, studied painting in Florence and in Paris, traveled in Spain, and, establishing his studio in London, lived and wrought there during his most fruitful years. Occasionally he visited the United States. Like many another of his clan and caliber he was far from gregarious. Unmarried, uncommunicative, with an undisguised disrelish of crowds and lionization, "he

knew," as the French epigrammatist has it, "how to hold his tongue in five languages." If ever mortal followed Goethe's sound advice ("Bilde, Kunstler! Rede nicht.") ("Artist, don't talk. Create!") Sargent was that man. After he had been painting for half a lifetime, incredibly eminent as a portraitist and loaded with honors and decorations, it was suddenly discovered that in all this time there had hardly been a word out of him about his creative processes. He talked on canvas and let the canvas speak for itself.

1925 HISTORY

You can't make me believe that anyone thinks the class of 1925 is capable of possessing a history! Yet somehow these words dripped off a pen, into the clutches of ye Artgum, and there they have stuck, as records of the deeds of the largest and, without a doubt, the first class over which the faculty will weep sad tears in parting.

With all this repartee, and thesis writing, I trust you will realize that once we were freshmen. According to recollections, green must have been invented for our express use, for no more verdant a band ever assembled that September in 1921.

Oh dismal day, entrance exams
Took all our brains, and gave us pain
For fear each one of us be told
That we were young, Art blind, or old
Not fitted for the school.

Somehow we all squeaked in. It's a wonder they didn't close the doors to fame and fortune in my face, but I did get by, and was herded with the rest, into class after class. Deathly days were they when we slung the clay, or toyed with ruling pens and scales, with papers seemingly like whales so large and queer were they. Even the dazzling knowledge of the upper classmen could not penetrate the sordid strangeness of this bold yet awe inspiring world of Freshmen days at M. N. A. S.

We listened, awe-somely, to threats of Sophomore power, and silently awaited Smocking hour, in awful agony. The day of smocks came, and somehow it went, and we at last were worthy of a name, c'en tho' that name were tinged with green, glowing and awful green. We organized, and because we were all young and glad of the majesty among our tribe, we elected Carol Davenport to wield the club, and give us all our rights. We had other geniuses too that year! Walter Buckley and Milly Black, not to mention the two L's Leon and Lee who vied for popularity in dress suits, jazz dances, and artistic temperament. Apparently we were too much for our Prexy for he disappeared in March, leaving Ann Ide to fill his shoes, the catastrophe being that she couldn't altho, the shoes were new and managed to last thru June.

In September didn't we itch to get back! If revenge is sweet, we, as a class, were dubbed "Vengie" that fall, for at last we had the opportunity to slaughter would-be artists. Just ask those freshies if we did succeed,—they'll answer "aye" in one accord. Being wearers of the brown smock, we were a knowing folk. Humph! You couldn't fool us about anything. We even learned when instructors would or would not call the roll, that there was no bird up on the fourth floor, answering to the name of "cuckoo," despite frequent reference to him, and that plums didn't grow in perspective theory or tip carts, so that we had an uneventful year so far as our making mistakes was concerned. Of course we know each other a little better, tho this wasn't at all necessary. We also discovered that if our aim in life were to outpaint Velasquez, that our instructors had diverse ideas as to our ability in this line. They were at best discouraging, but we grew reconciled! These poor teachers had to have a few Sophomore class, lest they be idle entirely. Frank Applebee beloved by all of us, wielded the gavel, and guided us thru festive dance and spread, to June and the end of another year. Truly we had achieved fame. There was the Artgum! Well I guess you'd not be reading this very line, if it were not for Mary Connolly and a few other loyal sophs who dared to start a school magazine. Sigma Phi started, too, and one of our class fell a victim to Cupid's darts. It was "Bread" or "Butter"—one of the two, and quite a gala event for us to excel. We the innovators started a Year Book, too. We achieved an Editor, Dot Carleton, and then June came, so we were obliged to wait 'til fall to give her something to do!

Well we were Juniors, but never once as blue as our smocks. Ruth Batchelder climbed out on top of the limelight as our noble president, proving well that women were the main factors in the life of our class. We somehow survived the battery of cameras for the year book, and lost all hatred for green, by tucking the Freshmen class under our wings and protecting 'em from the wicked Sophs. Anyway the Year Book was the main

item whereby we attained fame, especially by our infrequent regard for classes before it went to press! But even today, the faculty's not 'sposed to know what the reason was. We had the same old argument about our dance—formal or informal—but even Leon or Lee didn't win. It was announced informal, but we made a "Prom" of it all the same. Weren't we glad, tho' for the pageant? In the first place, 'twas great to help, and some of us satisfied long concealed desire to act, (the merit of which will ever be doubtful) and then miraculously, instructors forgot all about certificate sheets. Can you fathom that? And so we had lazy habits enough to enter the Senior class and wonder why 5999 words wouldn't do for a thesis, or why a title wasn't adequate.

Seniors tried and true;

This we leave to you,

Do your thesis now or die, for aye,

We are doing it day by day.

Perhaps we've had an historical year, perhaps not. We are getting farther and farther away from the Freshmen, but they will not miss us. I'm sure, tho, the faculty will! If there wasn't a line of black smocks in the front row of assembly, on a morning to balance the Dean's basso, Wednesday mornings wouldn't be worth while. Anyway, when we do graduate you'll have to find a new song leader. Between Spencer and Mary, we've aired our "vocals" in many a "sing." The Juniors won't miss us! They'll have their year books this year to adore, and next year to worry about. (Ouch that's a lingering sarcasm inspired by our wee debt, long since paid in full). (F. O. B.—C. O. D.) We tea danced and bizarred and did stunts to do it, but at least we can get our diplomas, debt free. Of course that's all we worry about now. That is, all except Emma Osgood. She's waiting for me to finish this article, and eager to send the Artgum to press for the last time. Emma's been its loyal supporter, 'mid our rank and file, Class of '25, and don't you forget it. We have other notorieties, too. Frank wasn't content to head our class. Now he heads and foots the Student Association, with both fingers crossed. Ann Ide is presumably Prexy, but she's

got such a glorious gang of helpers that she may graduate as class mascot, were it not for her size. Alice Davies wasn't content to do "gift shopping" this summer! She had to make mints of money for us at our "BIZARRE."

"Jerry" Squarey gave us a wonderful tea dance, with ditto results, and that brings me to our Senior dance! Wasn't it just perfect? I was there, so I ought to know. We had crowds, smiles and congeniality everywhere, and we thank everyone who came, from the Teddy Bears up. We also thank those who didn't—there simply wasn't room! Now, we're getting ready for that one "Can't Possibly Escape Week" of June 8th. The only good thing is our banquet that night. I'm hoping for a wishbone, and Mr. Wilder's promise to wish with me. I'll ask to be allowed to come back as a Freshman, but I bet he'll get the wish, and dare to ask that we Seniors graduate. By the way, because I haven't mentioned a committee, I'll give you the Commencement ones at this time. Many of them do not know of their duties, but if they see their names in print they'll have to agree. No, I guess after all, I won't let the cat out of the bag; they might prove too frisky for the class to handle, and I am not authorized. Inasmuch as we've reached that week of June 11th and that you may all begin to save up your eggs, et cetera, not to mention cabbages, for indulgence on that day, the saddest in my sad career. With that, I bid you farewell! We hope that as a class, we will shine, and that ever too, we may be remembered, collectively and individually as having the best of interest, of love and of well wishes for the dear old Art School in Boston town. We have acquired gold mines, in friendship and in knowledge in our four years of acquaintance, and I doubt if there is one of us, who, given the chance wouldn't love to re-live those four years. We only hope that you won't forget us, and no matter where we are, next year, we'll be watching to see what the faculty and students are doing to honor the M. N. A. S. and trying each and everyone, to do the same ourselves, that we may uphold the laurels it has earned in the past and add newer ones in the future.

SIX THOUSAND WORDS

A six thousand word thesis! Yes, this must be written by everyone before receiving his sheepskin. Believing that some worth-while information should be given to next year's seniors, we the present ones, pass on some of the wisdom we have gained thru writing ours.

First, you must choose your subject—anyone will do. You will know so little more concerning one thing than another that it makes no difference. Write an outline first to pass into the office. Do not, however, try to follow it when writing the thesis. If you do, you will get all mixed up. Just write what comes out of your head. Be thankful for every word that comes out.

Most seniors know, or think they know, enough about art to write five hundred words. This is fairly easy. The hard part is to write what you don't know. On getting close to the five hundred mark, one has written nearly all one can about the subject. There are fifty-five hundred more words needed. As the old masters would say, now the fun begins!

Go over what you have, padding it out with adjectives. Use small ones—they count as much as the big ones and they do not take so much time to write. After putting in the small ones, put in all the big ones possible! Make the sentences longer, that is the idea.

Emphasize what you have said, by repetition. Bring everything out clearly and distinctly by repeating it from three to five times. Be sure your reader will grasp your points. Ask questions wherever you can, such as, "Don't you think this is so?" "Isn't Art wonderful?" etc. Questions take words. Make the questions long.

You can, in this way, lengthen your essay to three thousand words. It will be half done. Now for the last half.

Go over your treatise. If you have a hard time trying to follow it, don't worry. Your reader will understand it. Even if he does not, you can't help it. Get a set of Mark Twain's short stories. Here and there, throughout your article, it does not matter where, put in an anecdote, a short story, or a quotation. Introduce them by saying, "This reminds me of a story. Keep doing this until you have added twenty-five hundred words. You have now fifty-five hundred.

Don't you think now that you need a summary at the end? Hunt up your original five hundred words and put them in as such. This will be a fitting as well as useful ending to your work.

Letter or typewrite your thesis and pass it in. You will go away with a warm regard for us and our advice.

F. W. A.

A MOMENT IN BETWEEN

All misty purple, silhouette against the
dark'ning sky,
With a pale crescent moon, all radiant above,
Afar, far off in this, 'mid golden
glints and blue
Blended as only Master Hands can
do,
Rises a solitary spire. The spire of the
church I love.

And ere I watch, awed by this radiance
all around,
Clear lingering notes are echoed out
to me,
On gentle winds, rain swept, (an
added mystery)
'Tis but a farewell echo, lovingly
Chimed to the Majesty of Day. Then
Regal Night envelopes me.

A. D. I.

A FEW SHORT EXTRACTS FROM
SPENCER'S DIARY

"Met a girl named _____
and walked around the deck four times
with her."

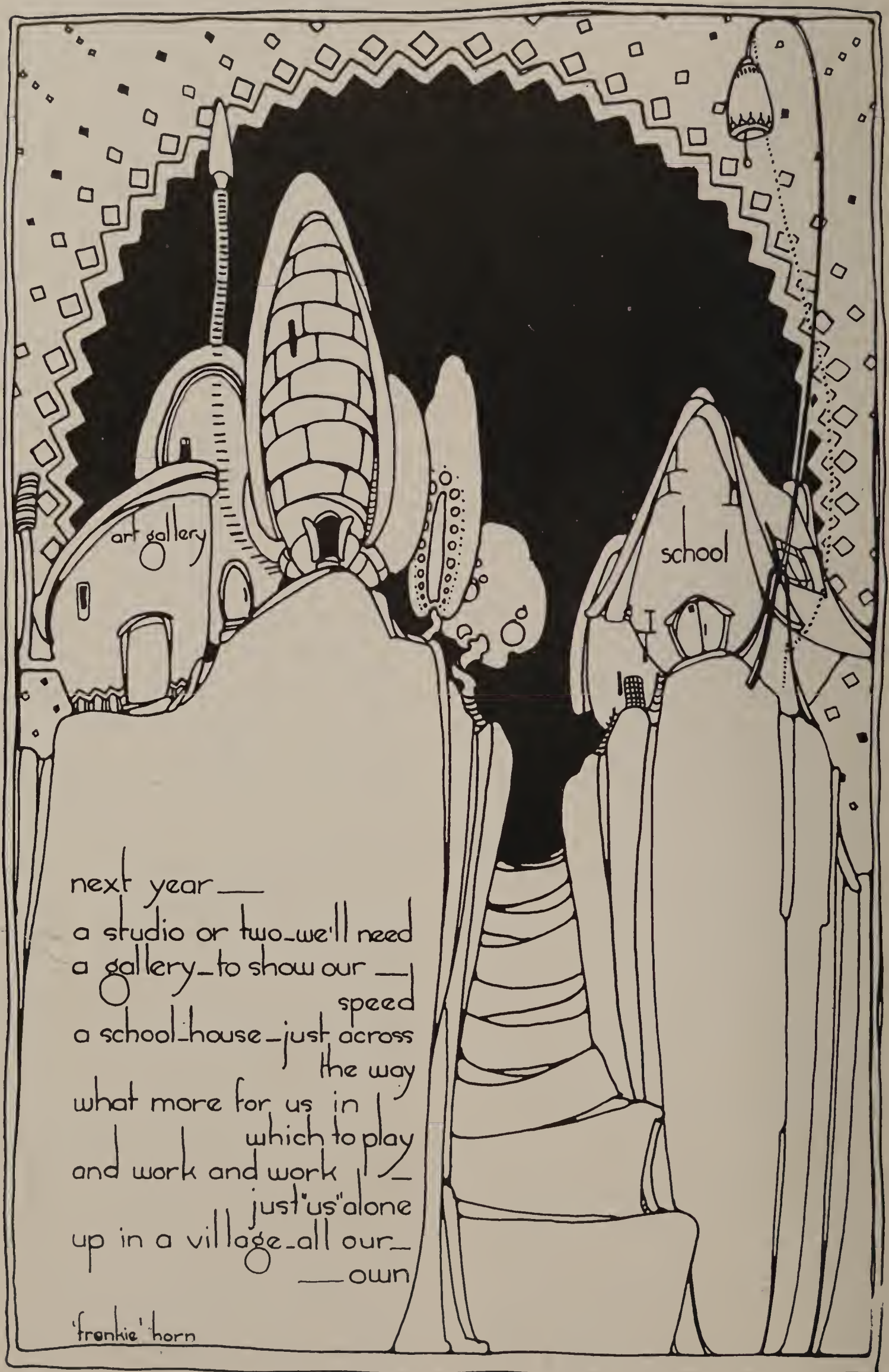
"Sat on the deck, after supper, and
watched the world go by. Everybody
walks the deck after meals."

"Had tea for the first time in my life,
this afternoon. It tasted pretty good but
I'm not crazy about it."

"Painted up a costume to wear at the
costume party last night. I danced four
dances."

"Almost walked the length of the
deck on one plank but the boat rolled and
pitched too much."

"The calls of the east and the west
have stirred in me the fires of inquisi-
tiveness. So strong are they that now I
feel I must go out and see, paint and
feel."



OUR OWN LITTLE BOOK CORNER

Songs for the Art Class

Compiled and edited by the Fine Artists. This volume evidently contains a misprint as we find "Shoes" in seven different places in seven different keys. The collection introduces "D for You and D for Me" which ought to prove popular in all classes. The book contains hymns, jazz, opera and songs without words several verses of which are given. The music is quite out of the ordinary. (?*!) The Mushroom and the Toadstool

Francenia Horn. Not a fairy tale. Miss Horn is directly responsible for some unique specimens of this flora. It was she who crossed a common garden variety with a wild neck-tie thus growing the Frankihorne toadstool, suitable for window boxes, very poisonous. She is now working out a combination of fruit and mushroom which will be edible as well as attractive for floral pieces. Truly a master Botanist.

Costuming the Play

Theresa Libby, III by the author. Miss Libby well knows the use of table cloths and Christmas tree decorations in costuming the play. She writes; "Pajamas and poster paint make stunning Chinese costumes. Certain types of bathrobes need but the addition of a wide sash to give a quaint Japanese air. Bungalow aprons with anything for a train,

daintily trimmed with pearls and tinsel robe a princess charmingly. The prince needs but dyed long underwear, a tunic and a feather. If he has no hat the feather may be worn in back of the left ear." The illustrations by the author were not ready when the book went to press.

In Foreign Lands:

Short stories of travel and adventure in strange parts by members of the Teachers Training Department. Some have penetrated as far as Sharon, a land far from here, which is rapidly becoming a village of some size. Milton, that growing little hamlet in the wilderness, has also felt their refining influence. The radio has probably done a great deal for this border community. Revere, a quaint town on the water front is also listed. The department is doing much to educate and civilize these foreign folks. All the places mentioned in the book can be found on the map if patience and care are employed.

Perseus and the Horse:

Dorothy Burditt. Re-edited by request. Also contains her well known "Cocoa-nut Trees of the Holy Land" in which she claims they are not really palm trees, they only look that way. She is also the author of "Memory painting or the Illusive Quality of the Child," a volume on portrait painting.

OUR OWN WISE CRACKS

The Danger Line: Dean's Office.

What Robinson Crusoe needed: Alice Mulcahey.

57 Varieties: Freshman class.

Such popularity must be deserved: Ruth Fitzgerald.

Sheik and his Sheba: You don't have to hunt for them.

Joe: Is a woman's time worth anything? Never renewed yet ever new (?): Frank Applebee's line.

Helen Hicks: Save the surface and you save all.

Eleanor Holland: You just know she wears them.

Frances Glennon:

Dot Frail: They satisfy.

Spencer Eaton: A skin you love to touch.

Only one in five escapes it: Assembly.

YOU CAN IF YOU TRY!

Take our Course in Humor and write the joke ads! ! After seven years experience you can get a job on any college paper! ! ! Example of work turned out by our students! ! ! ————

"Catharine: I'm losing my thumb tacks. Henrietta: Oh, not right here in public!

Use our New Folding Point Thumb-tax. Any child can operate one. No home is complete without one. Do your dearest friends avoid you? Again I beg of you, use our New Folding Point Thumb-tax. Absolutely guaranteed not to make holes in your board. Each soft caress adds loveliness.

Just put a X against the kind of humor you wish to take up.

Punnification () Dry Humor (recommended for Prohibition Agents, etc.) () Wise Crax () etc., etc.

THE LIBRARY

The school library now contains about ? ? ? ? ? carefully selected volumes. It is supplied with a number of magazines and journals, architectural, historical, scientific, pedagogical. Foreign publication as well as American are represented.

So, dear Reader, said the catalogue, but it is a well-known fact that catalogues are unjust to local color. They are dry and impressive but don't you often wonder when you read such bits of information just what the places are like? They remind one of glowing real estate ads which summon to your mind a beautiful mansion with sloping lawns, a quiet residential section, and you forthwith betake yourself thither and find the property.

It is quiet and exclusive—yes, too exclusive for even trolleys or railroads to reach. The lawns are fields, and the mansions a dilapidated farmhouse. You return a sadder and a wiser man; such things make you become skeptical, and knowing this we take our pen in hand to do justice to our library and yet do not wish to disturb the scholarly and studious impression the heading of this article must have given you—but we must admit that the library shows up human nature with its foibles and contradictions.

The following is some local color of the library.

Why when you feel like studying does the giddy young thing at the next table start giggling?

Why when you feel hilariously happy

does the stupid grind at the next table glare and look disgusted and shush you?

Why when you want the windows open does the girl with a cold, sniff and by diverse well known signs indicate that either that window gets closed or she dies of pneumonia—on the spot—but she is determined not to budge?

Why when you are freezing and growling to the world in general and no one in particular that you don't see why they don't put some heat in the old place anyhow, why at that moment does the warm blooded burst in with a loud "whew" and fling up the window?

Why do people cut pages and pieces from magazines and torture you, with doubts and theories as to what was there?

Why are some magazines read and some not read?

Why the beautifully printed and framed "Library Rules?"

Why bother printing "Silence?"

Why is everything from man to manners discussed in the library?

Why is many a verbal dialogue ended in writing?

Why is the book, chart, magazine you always want out?

Why does someone always have to look as you slip out with a book—or is it your conscience?

Why is it you can do a two hour assignment in psychology, English, sociology or History of Art between 2:50 and 3:00 P. M.?

Oh, Why, Why, Why?

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human expression requires both time and equipment, therefore 9:30 is really early enough, because we would work all the harder when we did get here?" Of course both of them are perfectly right, but so is Sally who comes by electrics and who finds that the crowds at the rush hour of 9 A. M. prevent the proper meditation and quiet thought so essential an artist. So 10 is really quite the hour for her. But there is Jack who is equally sound on the principle that mornings at home by oneself are really better and the noon hour is early enough. So you can now understand slightly, my predicament on this very fundamental question.

It seems to me that the canoe question

is perhaps the most serious one. In fact I believe we are all in accord there but because of the states' pocketbook it will be necessary to curtail on that justifiable expense until the new building is paid for.

It is hard, isn't it, when you really get into that easy position where you are head of the institution and are thus able to make all of these improvements, to find so many irritating obstacles in the way? Still I'm working on them and that is some consolation.

Moral: Personal whims or desires which involve others must always be considered in the light of the others. Happiness consists in fitting ourselves into the general scheme of things.

ALL IN AN EDUCATION

"So you're practice teaching! Where, may I ask?"

"At the Industrial School for Crippled and Deformed Children." I've answered the question so many times that the long name rolls glibly off my tongue. "It's over on St. Botolph Street, across from the Arena."

"Really? Oh how pitiful-looking they must be. The poor little things! they must be so different from normal children, to teach. I suppose they do extra good work in drawing to make up for not being able to do so many things. Can they get around the room much?"

If, at my latest visit, the class was a little too "lively," my answer is decidedly emphatic as to just how normal they are; but if it was orderly, as is usually the case, I am eager to enlarge upon the virtues of "my class."

"So you think the crippled children are very different from normal children. You are both right and wrong. As for being a pitiful sight, I just won't see them that way. Each child takes his own physical handicap for granted, and appears to think nothing of it. It may limit his ambitions and accomplishments along certain lines, but otherwise he is just a normal child, and wants to be treated as such. You will soon see that this is true if you watch the children in the yard at recess, or inside the school. In the yard the girls play jump-rope. Kathleen, on crutches, turns one end of the rope. She has light wavy hair, big blue eyes, and two deep dimples that come when she laughs. There, watch the girl who's jumping now. She doesn't seem to think about the heavy brace on her leg, nor do the others with braces who jump rope. Some are playing another lively game, while those who are more incapacitated, play quiet games or look on. The boys are even more lively. Those who can, play tag. The way they scramble around so fast with braces and crutches, and fall so seldom seems remarkable to me. They play ball, have fights, and swing each other in the swings. One day Philip, grade two, went to his teacher. "Miss Bront, I've got a joke to tell you. We was playin' cops an' robbers, an' I was a cop, an' Tony was a robber, an' our side caught

Tony, an' we ast him, 'are you guilty?' An' he said, 'No, I'm Italian.' An' he didn't see why we laughed."

As for being able to move around the classroom—I think it would be much easier for me if they couldn't. They are like jack-in-the-boxes, always popping up. If I'm not careful they will be around me like chicks around an old hen. They love to draw and seem to think of their drawing lesson as play instead of work. but I don't think they do better work than any average group of children. The minute I enter the room, there is a scuffle of books and papers being put away, and a buzz of voices. "Ooh, Miss C—!" "Drawing!" "Miss C—, may I pass out the paper today?" "May I pass out something, Miss C—? I didn't last time." "May I please pass out the crayons, Miss C—?" Soon the room is quieter and the lesson begins. After the first efforts are spent, restlessness wants come again, and must be prevented (if possible!). They know that I go to school, of course, and don't treat me as if I was an "old hand." It amuses me to hear, "Sh, here come Miss Bront," when they think their room teacher is coming back.

Now for the question that is sure to come sooner or later. "Do you like it?" Did you ever plant a garden and watch it grows? Teaching is still more interesting. You plant ideas instead of seeds; and see how well they have taken root, when you look over the results. Sometimes I know that I have learned more than the class. Often I am proud of the papers my class gives me. Do I like "it"? I certainly do!

SUNSET

Amber sky and saffron sky
With a stretch of blue between,
White clouds, fast changing now
Into rose of the fairest sheen.
Dim shadows deeping in
With a lavender depth spread far,
Amber gone;—and saffron gone;
In the blue, an evening star.

ANN D. IDE.

CUTS FROM DOLL AND RICHARDS

Through the courtesy of Mr. E. G. McKeon of Doll and Richards, we have procured for this issue six cuts of the finest compositions of six shows held at these galleries this year. Realizing that most art lovers enjoy the peculiar beauty of the ocean, we have three marines.

A Ship of the Nineties, an oil by Charles R. Patterson, is an artistic rendition of those glorious old clippers that used to sail the high seas. Mr. Patterson, a real son of Neptune, who has gone "down to the sea in ships," reveals the development of the art of marine architecture during the clipper era. For this reason he has achieved more than simply the creation of a beautiful and amusing canvas.

Another marine is, "Heavy Laden," by John P. Benson, brother of Frank Benson. This work shows a low lying boat ploughing through deep blue waters against a very warm glowing sky. Not only has Mr. Benson given a technically compelling canvas, but he has made his audience feel the magic and splendor of the subject.

Somewhat similar in subject is Elizabeth W. Robert's Figures on the Sand. The painting is so composed as to be

exceedingly impressive with its great expanse of glorious sky and tiny figures on a long beach. The coloring is lovely, especially in the luminous stretch of sky just above the horizon.

"Drying Nets, Fjord Life," is a bright water color by Olaf Olson, one of America's foremost water color painters. He has received first prize twice at American exhibitions. This sketch was made while Mr. Olson was travelling through Norway and Sweden. The subject as well as the composition is quite out of the ordinary. It brings to the onlooker a clear breath from the high lands of Sweden.

On the Front Street, an etching by W. H. W. Bicknell shows an entirely different scene of human life. Here we have plaid, peaceful, New England village with its characteristic charm. The sketch is well drawn, well-composed, and delicate as to technical treatment.

The other cut is not from nature but purely imaginative and symbolic. It deserves the admiration of all interested in decorative art. Intrusion by Karoly Fulop may not be one everyone would care to hang on his wall, but it certainly is marvelous as to color and design.

ONLY A DOLLAR DOWN

Hannette let the note slide listlessly from her daintily-manicured hand. "Helas!" she wept, "another invite and notta rag in the cupboard." She sadly wiped her eyes on the edge of her chemise. "Odear, odear," she sobbed, "I shall have to spill a bottla perfume on my tan organdie. I cannot wear it again." Just then her tear-filled eyes fell upon an advertisement in her favorite magazine. "Oh, can it be!" she cried ecstatically and seizing her nail file she clipped the coupon.

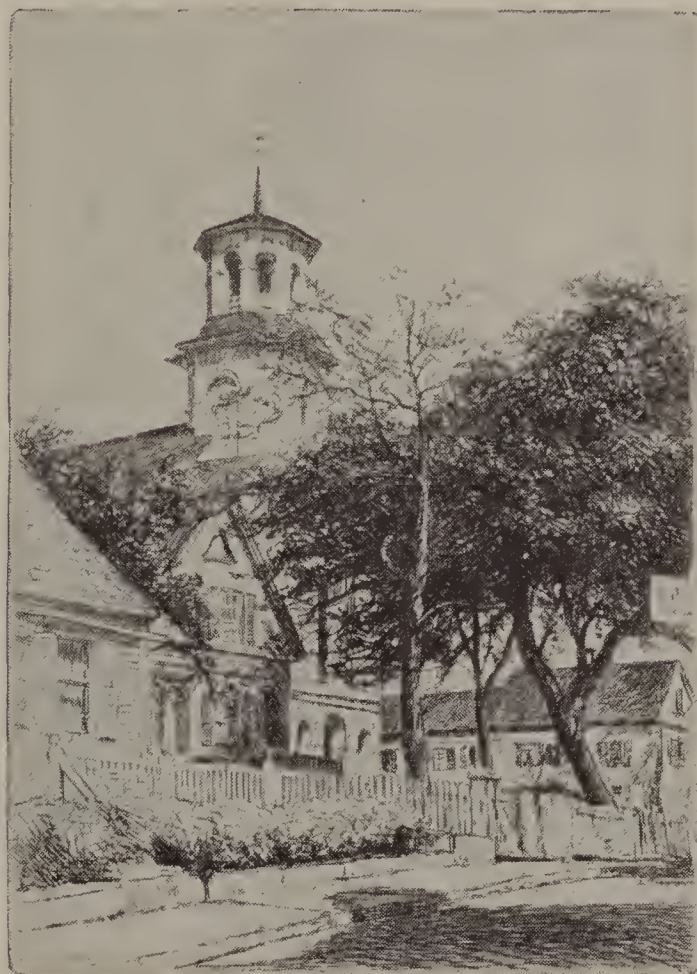
Three weeks later Hannette entered the ball-room at the Swopty-Gada. Little screams of astonishment and envy greeted her entrance. "Hannette," carolled her friends, "have you inherited a fortune?" "Oh, frevensake no!" Hannette babbled. "I merely clipped the coupon and signed on the dotted line (please specify whether Mrs. or Miss).

After the first lesson I made the most exquisite little hand-painted guest-towels. You just send for the little booklet from the glue factory, darlin's, and it gives full directions for making everything the well-dressed sheba needs from step-ins to walk-overs. Wait till you see my Spanish shawl made from a discarded tablecloth with the bead fringe of painted macaroni! And the batik scarf of paint rags hemstitched together! ! And the sweetest little ensemble that I got from a few vignettes trimmed with appliqued palette scrapings! ! ! And that isn't all ———! ! !"

Time passed—as time hezza habit of passing—and Hannette stood at the altar—a radiant bride. None knew that the treasured lace veil was the parlor curtains basted together and gathered into a Russian coronet-effect of imitation

Continued on page 23

COURTESY OF DOLL & RICHARDS



ON THE FRONT STREET
W. H. Wm. Bicknell



FIGURES ON THE SAND
By Elizabeth W. Robert



A SHIP OF THE NINETIES
By Charles R. Patterson



DRYING NETS, FJORD LIFE
By Olaf Olson



INTRUSION
By Karoly Fulop



HEAVY LADEN
By John P. Benson

A PRELUDE

LETTERIO CALAPAI.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon, not long ago, in one of the city's large concert auditoriums. For weeks ahead the house had been sold out in anticipation of the arrival of a great genius of the piano; and, as I neared the forum of song, the scarcity of tickets became manifest by the excited state of the crowds without, mostly however, without tickets. It was to be a farewell recital.

Having arrived early, and being alone, I stopped for a moment on the spacious portals of the building, to amuse myself by contemplating on the mannerisms of such an assemblage. Here, were a conglomeration of different nationalities formed in groups, each with their respective characteristics; exotic gestures, freedom of speech, differences of posture, and peculiarities of dress; in short human nature itself exemplified. In the direction of the box office were amassed those last minute arrivals, some fortunately concluding business with speculators, while others having waited in vain, were now seen to depart with melancholy, disappointment, and resignation, clearly evidenced in their faces.

A glance at the approaching hour however, warned me to enter, and making my way through the building, I ultimately found myself sitting in the second balcony between the side and center, in plain view of all that might take place in the hall; i. e. on the stage, below on the floor, or to my left and right.

From the various doors below, the people hustled in, like bees swarming into a bee hive, all eagerly concerned about the location of their seats, while the ushers, running to and fro, had all they could do to keep up with the clusters of fresh arrivals. As the seats became rapidly filled and the voices lowered, I noticed how the power of expectation seemingly occult, so grasped hold of the assemblage, as to envelope them in a peculiarly sacred atmosphere, despite the classical simplicity of the interior architecture. This caused anxiety, hesitation, or just remarks—*sotto voce*—.

A long, sharp resounding ring of a bell, sent those last few dilatory seat-seekers, sprawling to the nearest seat, and with the general closing of all doors,

the house was thrown into an almost dead silence. An immediate suspense took hold of everyone. In a moment was to appear a genius of the first rank, a man who, endowed with great talent, had reached through hard work; moral and spiritual perfection in his art. A revealer of the charm of music, the most sublime of the arts and the most difficult of interpretation.

Presently he entered, and in a truly foreign fashion, a worthy ovation took place, with the audience rising in his tribute. As quiet reigned once more and after a last courteous bow, I discerned before us, a short, broad, old man of past three score and ten years. His figure draped with the usual black frock-tailed coat, was almost haggard in appearance. His long locks of hair, almost white with age, waved back to reveal a forehead broad and intelligent; and, as he turned to sit on the stool, I caught the profile of a large black bow tie carelessly bound. What a contrast to such an enthusiastic audience. But as his nimble fingers struck the key board, all doubtful presentiments were dispelled.

He first reveals to us the ponderous mastery of a Bach; then we hear a Mozartian Fantasia of infinite beauty; overflowing with melody, and intricacies of pattern made obvious by the most subtle modulations. The romanticism of Chopin and Schumann is also brought to light, beneath the magic touch of this old man. We hear rippling passages of running water, magical hues of pure tonality. What purity and loveliness! What refinement and charm! Ah! here sits a true artist, who brings down to us the beauties of higher planes and represents them on the grayer and duller planes of earth. His playing is interspersed with gestures and exclamations which are after all, manifestations of his eccentric nature. He breaks from conventions by taking the audience into his confidence and we hear him speak in familiar foreign phrases; *piano, dolce, rubato*. As it is often quoted, here is depicted that unrestrained and deliberate abandon of the artistic temperament.

As the last program number ended, many people were seen to depart, yet the

height of sublimity that afternoon was yet to be reached. It came in the last encore, a prelude which will forever remain with me.

Curiosity and fascination had led me from the balcony to the floor, where, from a once thronged house only a group about the piano now remained. Amidst their cries of recall I wended my way among them. The stool had been taken away twice, but the insistent hand clapping at length revealed that open-hearted generosity so familiar, and with a nod of assent, the stool was returned and the piano reopened.

Then from the instrument issued forth a melody of incomparable beauty. An *air plaintif*, as it were a lamentation or *rimpianto* of the inner spirit. A triumph of our ultimate fate o'er our finite existence. Even from the expressive countenance now clearly in evidence, could one read the renderings of his soul. The uplifted head with those imprints of time; the awakening of the soul in his eyes, beneath those heavy brows, and everything; even down to the majesty of the fingertips; formed an ensemble of added strength to bring about the great result.

Suffice it to say that he reached a height of sublimity as it were, like unto one of the immortal Italians, Raffaele by name, in his revelation of a "Sistine Madonna," and finally as the last chord softly floated into evanescence, I fancied that I was transported into some ethereal sphere exalted and enshrouded in ecstasies, a feeling equalled only in literature by Dante's immortal conception of "Paradise."

We could not ask for more. Possibly

the magical spell cast by Polymnia and Calliope overcame us, and in a mournful manner, he bid us a last adieu. A sad disseverance indeed, I last recall a lady who, with waving kerchief and tears in her eyes, bade a last good bye to the now departing genius of the piano, the likes of which the world will not soon hear again.

As the lights became extinguished, I stepped out into the night, to behold the starry heavens. The still lingering spell, strengthened by the fresh night air added anew the mystical significance of the power of eternity. The love of God and Life, impressed itself once more keenly within me, and after all I thought how wonderful it was and is, to be alive and happy, and to strive always for an intangible height, the infinity of which should only invigorate and stimulate us to push onward through the turmoil of our earthly destiny to our ultimate goal. Herein, then I believe lies a path to the approach of success and happiness.

The didactic force therefore, of such a recital can only be too well comprehended. It is a lesson from time to time reiterated upon our conscience, and this, all by the power of music.

In conclusion, I deem it worthy to quote the words of Plato who describes Music as a moral law—it gives a soul to the universe; wings to the night, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, a gaiety and life to everything else. It is the essence of order and leads to everything that is good, just and beautiful—of which it is the invisible, but never the less, dazzling, passionate and external form.

FRIENDS O' MINE

I often tell my secrets to the waves,
As to and fro in turn, they sing their
songs to me
I love to think of them as kindred souls
Who cherish confidences, give the,
merrily.

No matter if all other worlds be sad,
If day be dark, or my world sad or gay—
These friendly comrades ever understand,
And hear the content of my thoughts,
the being of each day.

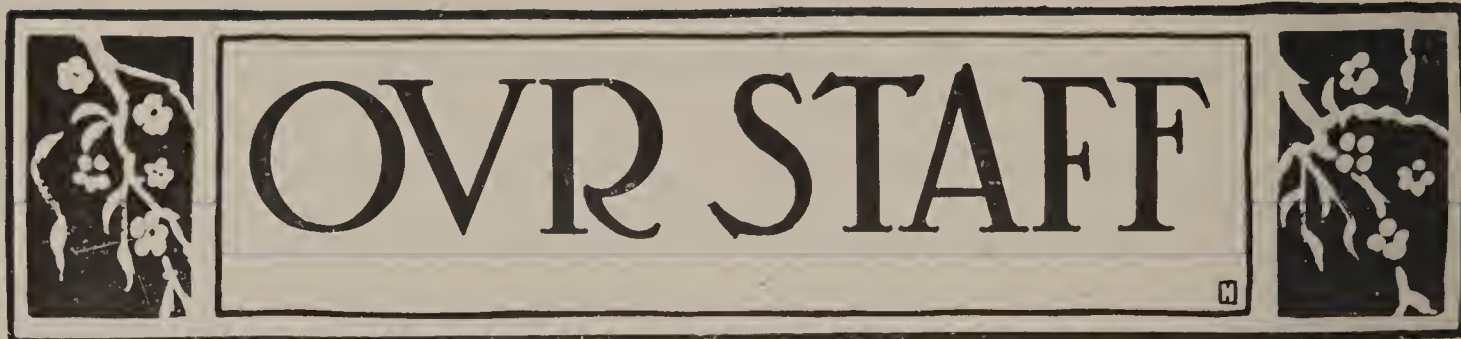
A. D. I.

POME WRITTEN WHEN A SOPHOMORE

I'm being good, as good as pie,
For I have hopes that when I die
To heaven I will fare.

I get to class by nine o'clock,
(I'm just an angel in a smock)
And someday I'll be there.

The cause of all my goodness, this,
My hope of an unearthly bliss,—
"There are no shadows there!"



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THOSE FINE ARTERS

We the people of the Fine Arts Course
Keep other people guessing—
They think we slave, and slave some
more,

And find no time for jesting;
But I'll tell you—in all the land
There's not a merrier friendlier band.

JO HEFFERNAN

Joe always was our wonder boy;
On exhibition, he,

When any school committees came
As Normal Art School specimen—
And then he proved that genius can
Love, just like any other man.

ELIZABETH BOSHER

Elizabeth is tall and thin
She dreams of high romance
Of other days and other ways
Beyond our feeble ken.
Through some mistaken circumstance
She paints, who is a heroine.

KARL GENTHNER

Karl wags his head from side to side
By powers of suggestion!
"Stand on your head,"
The Major said—
Karl does it without question.

CHESTER DOUGLAS

Chester's here on Monday early.
Tuesday too? And Wednesday? Surely.
"I often wonder why," says he,
"They don't have school on Saturday."

MILTON STOKES

Our Milton's well known as a sheik,
The freshmen girls adore him.
I won't commit myself too far,
But—well, we don't abhor him.

WARREN SAWYER

Oh Warren has world wide renown,
A painter's painter bold.
His works upon the office walls
Make Rembrandt's book quite pale, I'm
told.

DOROTHY BURDITT

Dot Burditt slings the paint a mile,
Like any great old master—
"I find when I stand off," says she,
"That I can work much faster."

CLEMENTINE POIRIER

Now Clem is jus' the other way,
She's almost scared to paint, they say!
The trouble is, she's neat, I guess;
She's half afraid she'll make a mess.

CHARLOTTE BEAUTHAM

Charlotte isn't fickle, though
It's said she changed from Bo to Beau!

EDNA RICHARDS

Edna's one of the elite,
She's conscientious and petite,
She taxis here most every day,
And has her lunch with Mr. Ray.

LEE COURT

Lee's days of work are like the rain,
That just goes pitter patter,
It makes a lot of noise, but then
It doesn't seem to matter!

MAURICE FRIEDMAN

Maurice always comes in late,
(It is his only failing)
He stands upon a box of soap
And has to use a telescope.

LEO CALAPAI

Calapai gives much thought and care
To painting of a single hair;
But then he's very well acquainted
With, "What to Paint" and, "How it's
Painted!"

MADELINE GUNN

Madeline is our English friend
Who's sailed once more across the sea
We'll ne'er forget her brilliant "comps,"
And partiality for tea.

EMMA OSGOOD

Emma's profile is superb,
Her painting is sublime;
There ain't enough superlatives
I'll have to end this rhyme!

MIRIAM SMITH

Miriam's hair! what beauty there!
All sleek and golden glinting.
"I let Dick wash it now," she owns
"Which gives my hair its lovely tones."

NETTIE WELLS

Nettie, what's it like to be
Only half-way up to me?
Though you're little, I've heard tell
You get "A" when I get—well!

FREEMAN CHADBOURNE

Freeman talks most learnedly
Of cabbages and kings,
Of Art and Personality
And other worth-while things.

VIRGINIA CARTEN

Our boast, our pride, our favorite Jinks
Has rosy cheeks and curly hair,
And yet, withal, she has a flair,
A certain pert Parisian air—
She doesn't walk—she slinks.

ERMA WHITMAN

Erma flits from course to course,
She never seems quite settled,
Whether she's come to stay this time
Has got us all quite nettled.

NINA CREED

Nina's like a little brook
That gurgles as it splashes,
Her skin is smooth and lily-white,
She has demure eye-lashes.

HENRY WILSON

Rudy's leader of his clan,
A most exalted gentleman!
His musical interpretation
Provides us all with inspiration.

KRIS MAGNUSSON

Kris has a multitude of friends,
And talents also, and ambition.
They say that Iceland's chilly clime
Gave him his lovely disposition.

FRANK APPLEBEE

Frank's fondness for the girls, I fear,
May make things very complicated—
Even a president's career
By women can be devastated!

The only one I've left out's me,
Now that's because I'm wary
I dare not even tell my name
Except it starts with Mary.

TEACHER TRAINING

To begin with, there is Irene Kearn
She never needs to try to learn;
She hauls in A's, yet she can laugh
She has a grin that won't come off.

Frank Staples set us all example
That married life is great
He's always learning, and we know
His advise on marriage carries weight.

Our Mary "Con" makes us quite prove
She's such a likeable lass,
Ready to lead us to sing loud
A friend to every one in every class.

Our "Maniac" is quite too
Who is she, Faye of course,
She does what e'er she has to do
And does 'em well perforce.

Edith Proctor is our genius too
In English and such things
She's quiet 'Bout her A's and B's
But wears the sparklinest of rings!

Our Ruthie Johnson is ambitious
She works and plays with all her might
She tries to make us think she's wildish
But, we never, never bite.

Helen Farley is such a quiet girl
We don't know much about her
But when hard work is on the slate
What would we do without her?

Sweet Alice is our stately friend
Always calm and sweet
Watch her hold her dignity
It's really quite a treat.

Dot Carleton acts so noble
She makes us feel quite blue
"Be yourself" is Dottie's motto
'Cause she always says, "B. U."

In the fair halls of Normal Art
Sweet Ruth Fitzgerald stands
Her wise and snappy line to all
The damsel freely hands.

There was a young lady called Ann D.
Who at writing was really quite hand D.
She also could sculp
So (here we must gulp)
She's taking T. T., is our Ann D.

Spencer Eaton is our darling
Pride and joy of all our hearts
Tutors poor perspective failures
Teaches school girls Costume Arts.

Helen Mills is a funny kid
But we love her just the same
She's always worried 'bout something
But the something has never came.

Marion Ladd is retiring and quiet
But we know she's a mighty good sort
Methods, swimming, or horseback don't
phase her
For our Laddie's an all 'round sport.

Dot Frail it seems is our littlest child
And a pretty nice child she makes,
The grown-ups will smile the kiddies
obey,
When the charge of the class she takes.

And speaking of Dot reminds us of
Frances,
You'll find her right there at all the
school dances,
When she enters a room, each male to-
ward her glances
She gathers in hearts, our gay little
Frances.

Henry Hart's our chief adviser
Man o' the world is he
Always ready, always willin'
'S no damn bother," he'll say.

Gerry's hobby's ice cream sodas,
With a movie every day
She works sometimes but otherwise
It's "dolce for miente."

Raymond Cote is the name
Of him of pugilistic fame
He also does right noble work
Genius in him sure does lurk.

Don's our hero from the wars
Tho' he never tells his part in them
We're proud of his citations, too
And hate to think we're leaving him.

Julia's friend to all the class
And smiling all the while
She'll teach but for how long we ask
What man will she at length beguile.

Shiela Mc. is quiet and demure
She chums with Edith most the day
We know her better for we know she has
A funny bone, and delightful way.

Frank Johnson of the quiet mien
Is destined sure for fame
He'll teach, of course, but also write
We'll see great *pomes*, above his name.

O, the flowers that bloom in the spring,
tra la.
Have nothing to do with Hope
She's got to take under her wing, tra la
A gang of young kids, so I sing, Tra la
Of the joy that I'm wishing sweet Hope.

THE GARDEN

MARY TRACY.

The earth is wet with the warm spring
rain,
And fresh, and clean, and new.
The birds are building their nests again
—Where last year's lilacs grew;
And over there, where the daffodils are,
A snowdrop shines like a small white
star.

Under the arch, through the low green
gate,
Shouting the children race—
Bringing their laughter and breathless
joy
Into this quiet place —
Filling the air with a jubilant din,
Pushing, and pulling, and crowding in.

Beauty of Spring in their lithe young
limbs,
And wind-tossed sun-bright hair,
Glorious life of a world renewed
Here in this garden fair!
Symbol of an eternal May
Where, in a garden, children play.

Mary O'Brien would do a pile
For every friend she has at school
She's always cheery, and we ask
How she charms men—Mary, what's the
rule?

We'll give to Thelma Gray a torch
To make jewelry day by day
She'll jewel and ornament the elite
And teach to pass the time away.

Ralph Brun's mind is on the terms
Of mechanical and obscure things
He'll teach it, while the boys ignore
Even the bell, when it happens to ring.

Gertrude Rainford is so skilled in all
She does, both music and artistry
She'll inspire her pupils to do well
And succeed in this quite happily.

Evelyn Wenz can always find
A moment for needy folk,
She'll be beloved as a teacher, too,
Tho not so long! That's no joke.

**A BIT OF IMAGINATION AND
ASSOCIATION**

**Used in the Design Class with
Apologies to various magazine
advertisements**

"Imprisoned moonbeans" — Christine
Franks
"Keep waves and curl in"—Hannah Segal
"Boned chicken"—"Milly" Black
"High cost of being a man"—Leon
Fowler
"Make yourself fit for matrimony"—
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"Plays, poems, sonnets, all in this one
volume"—"Posy" Winslow
"No more trouble than a kitten"—Helen
Tice
"Your spare hours are worth dollars"—
"Dot" Hunt
"Never too hot—never too cold"—Flor-
ence Fitch
"When do we eat"—Frances Frost
"Feet that keep pace with good times"—
Alice Davies
"Unlimited luxury at limited cost"—
Beatrice Bowry
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"Hospitality"—P. D.
"Goes a long way to make friends"—
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"Fashions in Fragrance"—Evelyn Ross
"A simple, easy method"—Ruth Sage
"For all day energy"—"Pat" Erickson
"Quality ever foremost"—"Marg" Hunt-
ington
"What a difference in a few years"—
"Dot" How

THOUGHTS

Give unto me, a friend, As you;
Wind swept and sandy shore;
Where the waves roll ever in,—
What tales of life and love they bring
From where magic far off lands begin!
And yet you never speak
These secrets, told I think, in confidence
And in the same tune spirit brought
To thine own arms for silent thought!
Give unto me, a friend. As you.

A. D. I.



WHAT LADIES WANT

Take our Art Course and learn to write poetry like this. Any jury will hang you.——

"Man wants but little here below,"
 The ladies want the rest,
 Man wants his smoke, his book or so,
 The funny way he's dressed.
 He wants his dog, his sport, his fun,
 And then he'll call it quits,
 He's happy if his pocket holds
 That gorgeous sum—six bits
 But ladies,—ah! what ladies want
 Would fill a libraree,
 And even then the dears would want
 Each new thing that they'd see.
 Still, menfolk never used to mind
 (They really were quite blessed)
 When womenfolk were satisfied
 And wanted just the rest.
 But now the ladies, bless their hearts,
 They want the universe.
 They take men's smokes, they take men's
 books,
 And (this is even worse) —
 The creatures *like* the way he's dressed
 So they will do the same,
 They take his dog, his sport, his fun,—
 They even take his name!
 "Man wants but little here below,"
 The ladies want that, too,
 And then what's left is not enough,
 They want something quite new,
 Something that no one else has had,
 That no one else has seen,
 Each damsel-dear must rule the world
 And be its only queen.
 If Adam had been satisfied
 With Eden as it was,
 Think what a lot of bother
 It would save the men because
 They wouldn't have to work so hard
 A-trying to achieve
 The world to please the ladies if
 He hadn't wanted Eve.
 Sing the snappy song-hits. Astonish
 your friends with your versatility.

Continued from page 12
 orange-blossoms. None knew that the exquisite gown molding her slim form was none other than the remnants of her tan organdie, bleached to a delicate cream and embroidered with cut-work ebauches. After the wedding Hannelte called her bridesmaids into the kitchen. "Darlin's," she breathed, "take the correspondence course that I did and you will all attain

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF

- REJOYCE: Poetry by Irene Kearn. But why the unique spelling?
- CHILD PSYCHOLOGY: A. Ray. A study of the mind of a Freshman.
- BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH HEFFERNAN: Charlotte Botham, one who knows her subject well.
- WILD WOMEN: Chester Douglas. Limited edition, vermilion binding.
- THE UNKNOWN LOVE: Hope Jordan. Author of "The Love Unknown" and fifty-seven other books with the same plot.
- WHAT EVERY ART STUDENT DOES NOT KNOW: E. L. Major. First ten volumes, highly illuminated.
- THE FARM AS A FIELD FOR ART: Virginia Carten with a chapter on making bas-reliefs for animal crackers by Priscilla Ilsley. Miss Carten specializes in the cow's place as a decorative motive in design and music.
- IS THE CORNET ART: Maurice Friedman, a flippant treatise on a deep subject. Does not explain if the writer oils his instrument with pure linseed oil or dilutes it with turpentine.
- STRANGE FLORA. V. L. George. An account of the weird vegetation found growing abundantly in designs. What happened when an innocent flower drinks poster paint.
- LOVE IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES: Alice Mulcahy, replete with Tuft situations and grinding pathos. The gaps filled with sterling material; digs deep into aching spots, touching tender nerves.
- VIKING ROMANCE: Kris Magnusson. Apparently a love story. It has a charming heroine.

the happiness that is mine. Remember, darlin's, the motto of the Course Graduated, "We get our man."

This is only one example of the many opportunities awaiting any young woman who takes our Course. Just clip the coupon and sign on the dotted line. The wall-flower is gone forever. Make your rags by our method and you have solved the secret of Charm.



ART NEWS

Again the Vose Gallery management secured a triumph in procuring for public exhibition many of the finest works of England's greatest living painter, Frank Brangwyn. This collection includes studies for murals, other oils, watercolors, and etchings. This painter seizes upon life to depict it in all its joy, glamour and intensity, with none of its sordidness. While he possesses a fine considerateness, he has little or no hampering restraint. His work is characterized by fervent impulsiveness, an avidity for the assimilation of beauty, both outward and underlying. For the reason that a complete understanding of beauty is his, this artist is no mechanical copyist, but a creator and an instrument, for the interpretation of beauty. Although a master technician and a great colorist, reminiscent of the painters of the Venetian school, Brangwyn's glory arises from his genius for giving through the medium of brush and pencil a haunting impression of loveliness and romance. His *Bridge of Pelago*, in soft, low tones, is not a mere photographic bridge picture, but a thing to live in the memory and to stir response within one to all that is lovely. The *Glory of Venice* is a sparkling piece of painting, showing Venice in all her pomp and carvinal dress. A *Chef d'oeuvre* is his *Trees at Avignon*,—perhaps the most ably painted of the collection. A little canvas to which we returned again and again was *Old House in Limehouse*. The color is unsurpassable. His illustrations for Omar Khayyam, typifying the East, are as exotic and alluring and lyrical as the poem itself. His study of the Crucifixion is an example of exemplary draftsmanship and dramatic composition. The watercolors are as beautiful as his oils and his etchings are the most powerful and wonderful we have ever seen. The action studies of workingmen in these

etchings are masterpieces in themselves.

There next came at these galleries oils by H. Dudley Murphy and watercolors by Nelly Littlehale Murphy. Mr. Murphy's oils are mostly flower studies for which he is justly noted. The landscapes are picturesquely pleasing. *Moonlight*, a symphony in low blues and blue greens, is a subtle study of a riverside at evening. Another good landscape is *New England Pasture*, ruggedly true to nature. The tree is a graceful touch in a rather severe composition. The still lifes are marvelously drawn, beautifully painted and minutely studied. Almost photographic is his exactness, Mr. Dudley's works show evidence of many suppressions. Of his two peony studies, the more spontaneous, more impressionistic one seems more artistic than his tighter group called *Pink Peonies*. *Azalea* and *Two Wise Men* is one of his best flower studies.

The watercolors by Nellie L. Murphy are brilliant in color and unusually cleverly executed. The sketches are clearly spontaneous and painted with remarkable facility. Her compositions are interesting for their abundance of graceful shapes. Her landscapes were charming and her nature studies vibrant.

At the Grace Horne Gallery last month, Jean Cornelius was showing a distinctive group of oils, pregnated with a feeling of eternal tragedy and spiritual eternity. They were imaginative and exalted in essence. Many of the paintings seemed emotion expressed in oil on canvas. *Christ on the Cross* was one of the most compelling.

At Doll and Richards, the first of April, was a fine water color shown by Dodge MacKnight. The sketches excellent in color, are directly and eloquently painted. Mr. MacKnight proves himself an ardent lover of nature in sympathy with all her moods. *Rain* is a charming

little sketch of Northern France. The Turkey Tender is a bright little picture of Spain, glowing with sunlight. The sand dune sketches are very interesting with their warm slopes and vivid shadows.

There is now at Doll and Richards a very stimulating marine shown by John Benson. Deeply imbued with the spirit of adventure and romance, they possess that appeal, of sympathy with the gypsy love of the unknown. The canvases are well painted with excellent disposition of light. The Island Trader; showing a scudding ship on dark waters again a lowry, windy sky is a spirited painting. The High Seas is another admirable canvas, immense in its expanse and glorious with all the freedom of the ocean. Yachting, a gay little scene of sails on water, molten with light is unusual and clever. Other notable works are Heavy Laden, Aldeboro, The Return of the Galleon and The Last Whaler.

Downstairs are some little etchings by Bicknell. The portraits are especially noteworthy.

At the Boston Art Club was an important showing of the works of three fine American painters, George Bellows, Charles Hopkinson, and Speicher. Still clinging to the conventional, we preferred Hopkinson with his subtleties and sensitiveness and sympathy for sheer beauty of line, color, and form. His Family Group (his own family) is an example of his best paintings. Much more modern, George Bellows is trying for new results. There is a big step between the conservative Emma and her Children and the prize fight canvases. The Dempsey-Firpo fight is really clever in its representation of ringside atmosphere. Another intriguing canvas is that of the waterfront swarming with gamin in characteristic poses. The nudes were dexterously done but rather incongruously placed on a patchwork quilt in a dim, prim New England parlor. Speicher is at times almost Russian in his portrait treatment. This modern method of painting may be more truly natural but is it art of the highest order? It requires a cultivated taste to know what to put in and what to leave out. Beauty is an illusion created in the eye of the beholder. So is it not of more value for an artist to

give us his own cultivated reaction than that of the unsophisticated layman?

Now at the Art Club is an unusual exhibition of small paintings by local artists, all invited. The spectacle of four hundred odd paintings is a bit stunning and one can only get a confused idea of many attractive canvases. J. Eliot Enneking has some of his poetic landscapes. Helen Duncan some prettily conceived landscapes and Houston Killam a few of his individual studies. Lee W. Court is showing six landscapes, well enough painted to have been lauded by F. W. Coburn of the Herald. One could spend a very pleasant and full afternoon with these pictures.

In March at the Guild, John Sharman exhibited. This talented painter had in this hanging a group of powerful canvases, scintillating with cleverness. He is no niggler, but one who sees and portrays the biggest truths. His values and form masses are so exactly depicted that nature is best reproduced in all her broad appeal. The still life out of doors is an extraordinary study in green and gold. The phlox paintings with their puzzling technique appear at a distance, carefully drawn and brilliantly executed. His peony study is one of the best flower groups of the year. The sunny Spring landscape is very pleasant with its sunny cheerfulness. A "joie de vie" is evident in all Mr. Sharman's work.

Next the oils of Alice Ruggles Sohier appeared at The Guild. Mrs. Sohier paints sanely and faithfully, finding pleasure in polished woods and interesting interiors and shining surfaces. Her portraits show a fluorescent quality in their soft color and general daintiness. The Pewter Plate is a fine still life. The whole exhibit was very pleasing to the optical senses.

Upstairs Lillian Westcott Hale's drawings were on view. They were remarkable for technical exquisiteness and superior drawing. Valenciennes is very charming. Age is here portrayed ideally as well as truthfully. Nancy II is an appealing study of quaint childhood. Highly refined and delicate, Mrs. Hale's work is satisfying to one's aesthetic nature.

Now, upstairs at the Guild is a water color show by one of Boston's foremost

watercolor painters. Thoroughly familiar with his medium, Mr. Sears Gallagher tells us of his experiences with marvelous fluency and perfect normality. His work is assured, brilliant and possesses a fine degree of suggestion. The scenes of fishing pools are especially good with their sharply delineated rocks and limpid depths of water.

Among the excellent exhibits of March was one by representative painters of America at the Copley Gallery. Childe Hassam had two fine oil landscapes. Frederick Kost was also showing two of his distinctive works. The low, richly-colored Eventide was very charming, and reminiscent of the nineteenth century French school. The subjects varied and presented proof of the versatility of our best American painters.

Now at the Copley galleries is an oil show by Williams-Lyrans. Many of the scenes are of old England. The sketches of Devonshire are quaint and picturesque. This painter is of typical English temperament, calm, cool, and lacking in humor. There is little of fervor or pas-

sion or richness in Mr. Williams-Lyrans work. He is, however, conscientious and meticulous.

At the Casson and Irving Galleries, there is, at this time, a great show of marines by men specializing in such subjects. Frederick Waugh, James Lyler, Charles Woodbury, are some of those painters. Sorrolla y Bastida has one of his excellent, breezy marines, a boat with a filled sail. Purple Tide by Ritscel is an impressive sketch of an onrushing tide. Gordon Grant's The Gloucesterman was there in all its smartness. Breaking Wave a study of the high green wave by Woodward is typical of the neverceasing movement of the ocean. Frank Benson's Wild Geese is a lonely marsh scene on a dull, chill autumn day. The whirling and flight of the birds is excellent. There is something stimulating and refreshing about marine paintings. In them is that quality of something greater than man,—a greatness that in no way arouses the jealousies of man. There is too that appeal of nature and outdoor adventure that awakens a response in the human heart.

"OURS IS A NICE CLASS, OURS IS."

(Dedicated especially to the Senior Life-Painting class)

Are you an inspiration to your model?

Do you just toil each moment of the pose?

Or do you waste your time in idle chatter
And add to the poor damsel's many woes?

Remember as she mounts upon the stand,
dears;

That she's protected from such ones as you.

Of course you can't turn forth great masterpieces,

Just try and do the best that you can do.

Conceal your crudeness and your horrid manners,

See that the room is not too cold, en-fants,

Your canvases tip over on their sides,
dears,—

Do her reclining with much nonchalance.

Chorus: Firemen, save muh place!

TWENTY YEARS FROM '25

Twenty years from '25—

Hope we're all of us alive

Let us meet again!

Where shall all we classmates meet,
There on the corner of Newbury street?
There on the campus of six square feet?

Hope will still the baby be,
Some will have cherubs on the knee—
And we'll be forty-two or three!

We shall be the same old way.
Full of fun and laughter gay—
We shall never be old and gray
Hooray!

Twenty years from '25
(Hope we're all of us alive)
We must meet again!

H. E. M., '25.

Don't you love Coles Phillip's women?
No, but I would if I had a chance.

Michigan Gargoyle.

A POEM

FRANK S. JOHNSON.

Out of the North there came
A tale of suffering and death.
Out of the North it came
And flashed the length and breadth
of the land.

What can we do?
What can be done?
We cannot sail
We dare not fly.
There only is left the storm-swept
and snowbound trail.

The dogs of the North knew well their
work.

Led by one who knew the trail
Into the North they went.
Through day and night.

Through snow and storm and cold
Man and beast their precious burden
bore,

Racing with Death,
The prize three thousand souls.
All eyes were watching that slender
chance,

Only a team of dogs and their Master.
Unaided by the applause of the crowd
Over the lonely trail they sped
Racing to save a city.

Nearer and nearer is the goal,
Harder and harder the trail.
Slower their speed is now,
Still, on and on they strain,
Till a glow of light marks
the end of the trail.

Well we know there lives a town,
Whose lights were being darkened,
Because, a team of dogs and their Master
Braved the storm and the trail.

Question: What is Art?

Freshman: That's easy.

Sophomore: Well, it's rather hard to
explain.

Junior: Go on, I'll bite.

Senior: ***_____*-?!!!*_____! if
I know! ! !

Dumb Dora (reading sign over ticket
office) Oh, John, it says, Entire Balcony
35c. Let's get it, so we'll be all alone.
De Pauw Yellow Crab.

WHIMS AND WAILS FROM THE
LIFE SAVING CLASS

"Gee I feel great!" exclaimed Peg on
leaving the tank. "How about you
Ruth?"

"Corker!"

"Did ya see Eleanor swim her hundred
yards tonight? Wasn't it a cinch for
her. Kind a wish I was tall and had
long legs. They seem quite an asset, aye
Ruth?"

"Wouldn't Betty enjoy a pair though!"

"I sure would! Marion could appre-
ciate them anyway. Wouldn't you,
Marion?"

"Can't say I wouldn't, but I'm not the
only one who gets doused. Did you
notice Ann pulling Dot around. Bet Dot
won't be thirsty in a month of Sundays."

"I'll say I won't, that last mouth-full
'most finished me!"

"You mean it most finished the tank."

"Laugh if you wish. That water
doesn't taste any too good. Does it
Louise?"

"I've tasted better in my day. And
without Helen's help."

"Cheer up Lou. I'll pump it out of
you next week. We're going to get more
practice in artificial respiration."

"That's when I get even with you Ann
Ide!"

"No fairs, Dot, I've got to live to
get that brick!"

"Tell us about the brick, Ann?"

"Couldn't possibly, Fay. It's a long
story. You'll hear it before you're
through."

"I fancy we will. Captain Wallace
isn't leaving out a blessed thing. Do two
do it together?"

"No, Fay. It's difficult enough for one
to submerge. Let alone two."

"Then Margaret won't have to do it!"

"She's a brick already. Tee-hee."

"Fay thinks she's funny but she's not
half as funny as she looks when Mar-
garet pulls her around."

"Maybe I do look funny but you have
your chance on the tennis court, Jean."

"Are we going to have tennis?"

"So I hear."

"Where will we play?"

"Don't know. The club will find
courts somewhere."

"Tell us more about it later Fay. Here
comes our car. Goodnight."

"Goodnight. See you in school."

L. C. B.



CLASS NEWS

CLASS OF 1925

How we envy Bea, Addie, Milly, Marg, Ruth and Chris! Eight weeks in New York seems to have been an education in itself. Work, sightseeing, and living buried their eventful days past recognition according to some most interesting reports from the survivors of the trip. The girls are to be congratulated for having so becomingly acquired New York's charm. This practical experience in New York has formed a very fascinating, beneficial part of the costume design course.

In addition to the quite regular apple indulgence in the commercial design class, there has been a good bit of distinguished work done. Rosalind Chen's cover design has set a very high standard for the still optimistic class. As everyone knows any of "Fran" Frost's or "Franki" Horn's work is not to be laughed at, and also the occasional problem completed by Leon Fowler can stand inspection. One fine Wednesday, the deserving class took themselves to see "Rose Marie," after which, they enjoyed a delightful tea, thanks to Hannah Segal. Don't you wish you were a member of our class?

CLASS OF 1926

'Member a year ago when we held the Sophomore Dance? And 'member how the would be wise ones did not try to get their tickets until the last minute? And also, 'member that every single ticket had been sold over a week before the dance and some even offered \$3.00 for a ticket? WELL, it will happen again if you don't watch out, for our history is going to repeat itself. Why, thirty-five tickets have been requested by "outsiders" already and they are not printed up to this time!

The reasons why everybody wants to come, are because it is a real, formal

Junior Prom, because everybody knows it is going to be the best time of the year before they get there, its formality is something which the school has wanted for ages, it will be held in the most attractive, possible place, Whitney Hall, Brookline, which speaks for itself, because there will be irresistible dance music, because the favors will be entirely different from anything in the past, and finally—brace yourself—it will continue until ONE O'CLOCK! We are doing all this to give you the best time you ever had in this school.

CLASS OF 1927

Sophomores attention! Are you clever enough to enter Mr. Cain's advance course—Knitting in Perspective? Just how it is done we're eager to know. Will the needles be cast at 30, 45 or 60 degrees, or shall we, by using distance points discard all such needles and their points? Where would the center of vision come? On a sock, it might be the toe, though personally I'm sure it is the heel. From past experience I remember the vision centered on that place where the stitches "ain't where they usta-wuz." One thing we can be certain of—if the knitted goods touch the ground line, it's sure to be hosiery. Just what would happen or be at the horizon line depends, I suppose, upon our height. Little Anna might see into our sweater pockets, while Scrip, by stooping, may possibly see the knob of our woolen caps. Naturally shadows would be used to camouflage the dirt, or perhaps they shrink; if so of what use is the sun with all its rays? However, if the perspective would dissolve as easily in hot water, as soap, or shadows shrink as easily as wool, we'd love it.

Speaking of love, there is yet hope for the love lorn, at least if they believe in Jolin's description of Morris's poems. "The previous ones have dealt with love,

and the latter ones are of hope and a better day to come." Larry Kittredge must have taken it to heart, for I overheard him telephoning "Helen." His face was wreathed in grins.

However, he is not the only one gone astray. One Monday afternoon, I discovered several members, thought to be above reproach, earnestly endeavoring to follow in E. L. Major's footsteps. They started out strong for the grocery store and came back with apple orders. Guess they disagreed with Earl and Ward, for the poor boys started throwing their limbs in all directions over the Hall while Toddo punched time on the piano.

Another member, who recently left our class, has found April quite showery. The rain drops surely dashed and swirled around her. By the way, Amorette Weed cordially welcomes everyone to attend her shower. "The more, the better for me," is Amorette's motto. Nevertheless we hope she'll remain with us next year. Long live the Class of '27.

CLASS OF 1928

One of the best (if not the best) dances ever given by any class of the Mass. Normal Art School was given on Friday evening April the seventeenth by the Freshman Class.

As everyone knows there was not a dull moment during the entire evening, even for those who did not dance but who came to view the wonderful decorations and beautiful costumes.

On stepping into the hall the pleasant odor of burning incense assailed one's nostrils, and together with the exotic decorations one could readily imagine themselves in an ancient Arabian palace. The decorations were really a work of art, and showed how clever the little freshmen can be when they wish to.

The unusual decorations were designed and executed under the direction of Al. Publicover, Seymour Goff, and Frances Shaw.

One of the novelty dances which provided no little excitement was the spotlight dance during which the hall was lighted only by colored spotlights which played about the hall and brought out the many brilliant colors in the costumes

to great advantage. Another novel feature of the costume party was the absence of chairs from the hall and their replacement by rugs which were much more in keeping with the oriental setting.

These beautiful rugs were loaned through the courtesy of Mr. Kelley of John Pray & Sons.

Very cleverly made favors were distributed to all as a memento of an evening most enjoyably and profitably spent.

Shortly after the intermission a grand march took place in order to give the judges a chance to view the many beautiful and original costumes and award prizes to those most deserving of merit. Mr. Farnum served as the chairman of the committee of judges.

Prizes were won by Marion Clark and Elmer Hall for possessing the most beautiful costumes. The prize for the funniest costume was awarded to Roy Staples who created no little excitement with his alarm-clock and telephone directory. Dorothy White and her escort received the prize for having the most grotesque costumes in the hall, while Charles Menges in his beautiful Norse costume received the prize for the most original costume.

In all the Freshman Costume Ball was an unusual success, and those who attended it will have something to look back upon with nothing but pleasant thoughts, and for upper classmen to think about deeply if they hope ever to equal such a success.

A. F. P.

JUNIOR PROM
MAY 7
WHITNEY HALL
BROOKLINE

HOW MANY APPLES?

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only.

Now, we figure the thing out far differently:

Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

On second thought we think the above figures are entirely wrong.

If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total would be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antedeluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this:

Eve 81 and Adams 81—total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adams 812 the total was 893.

We believe the following to be the true solution:

Eve 814 Adam and 8124 Eve—total 8938.

Still another calculation:

If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056.

—Unidentified (*The Academy Student.*)

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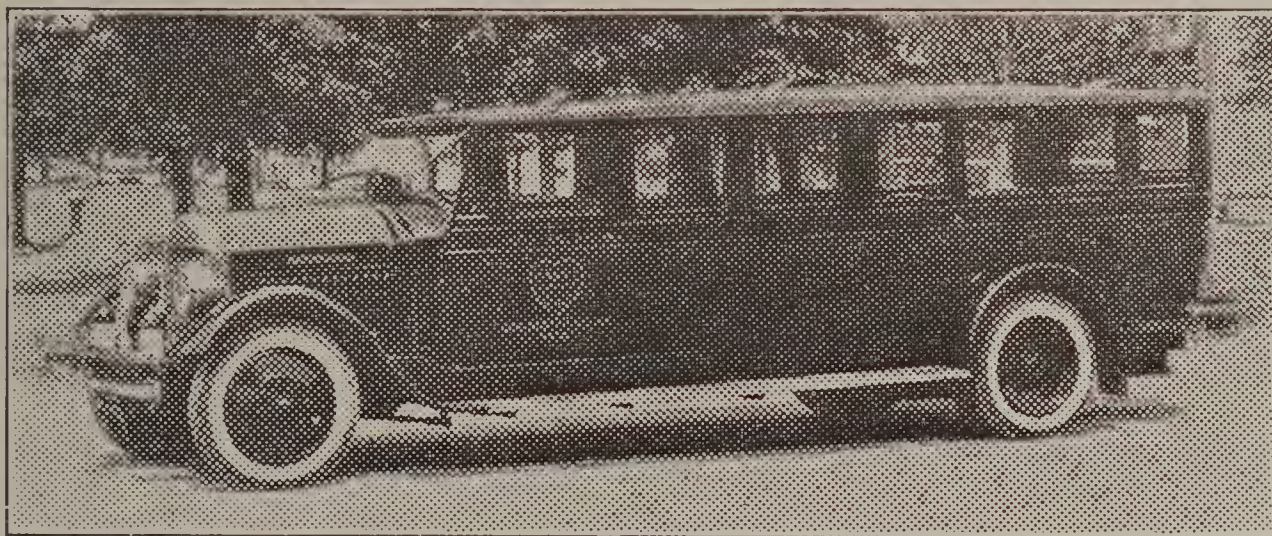
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